

Eddie's New Friend by orphan_account

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Genre: a whole lot of reddie at first, byeler is coming up, lots of byeler fluff just wait

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Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Will Byers

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Summary:

Eddie starts hanging out with Mike Wheeler and Richie is not happy about it

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Just a st/it crossover that I'm posting on tumblr, and now I'm putting it up on here as well. Please let me know how ya feel!

"Richie, you need to calm the fuck down."

"Stan, if you knew how severe this situation was you wouldn't be telling me to calm down."

"I know exactly how severe the situation is. It's not severe at all. Eddie Kaspbrak's gay little heart has belonged to you since we were eleven years old."

"Which is exactly why I'm freaking OUT! Eds has shown nothing but complete loyalty and devotion to me for the past five years! And this hot-shot Mike Wheeler guy comes out of nowhere and takes all of Eddie's attention away from me!"

"Maybe you do have a point, if this Mike guy is charming enough to get Eddie to go out with him tonight instead of Eddie coming over for movie night with us... this could be serious, Richie."

"That's what I mean Stan the Man! The fact that this nicely dressed douche bag can get Eddie to betray his loyalty to Bad Movie Night with the Boys means that he means business! Wheeler came into my life with the sole purpose of stealing my Eds away from me and we have to do something to stop him!"

"We?"

—

"Oh, Eddie, hold still, you have something in your hair." Mike and Eddie stopped on the sidewalk and turned to face each other. Mike leaned over and brushed a leaf off the top of Eddie's head.

It was a cool autumn afternoon and Mike and Eddie were walking to

Mike's friend Will's house. Eddie and Mike had just started hanging out a couple of weeks ago when Mike transferred to Eddie's high school. Mike decided it was time for Eddie to meet the rest of his friends.

"Thanks, Mike," Eddie looked up at Mike and gave the taller boy a smile. Mike was almost as tall as Richie. He kind of had the same big nose as Richie too. And maybe the same cute freckles on the same stupid big nose. Fuck.

Eddie felt a little bad about not going over to Richie's for Bad Movie Night with the Boys, (the boys meaning the two of them, Stan, Bill, Ben, Mike(Hanlon, not Wheeler) and Bev, an honorary boy) but Eddie didn't want to turn Mike down.

He was honored, actually, that Mike invited him to meet his friends from his old high school. Eddie has had the same group of friends since he was eleven years old, and as much as he loved all of them, it was kind of refreshing to have a new friend and he was excited to meet some new people.

"What are you thinking about, Eds?" Mike asked when the two of them started walking, "You're being kind of quiet."

"Uhm," Uh oh, "I'm, uh, can you, like, this is gonna sound dumb, but like, would you mind not calling me that?"

"Eds?"

"Yeah, my uh, my," Friend? Best friend? Boyfriend?, "My Richie calls me that."

"Richie? Is he the one with the glasses that hates my guts?"

"He doesn't hate your guts."

"He won't talk to me, and whenever I'm around he looks at me like he hates my guts."

"Yeah, but that's just Richie. We've been friends since forever and he probably just feels weird about hanging around a new person."

“Alright, well, I won’t call you Eds if you don’t want me to. But just for future reference, you’re not allowed to call me Mikey. That’s what my Will calls me.”

2. Chapter 2

“You got my back, right Stan?” Richie and Stan had just bought their lunches from the school cafeteria and were walking over to their usual table.

“By ‘got your back’ do you mean am I ready to humiliate Mike Wheeler and make sure he understands that he’s not welcome in our circle of friends, and is especially not welcome to fraternize with Eddie?”

“Yes.”

“Then no, I don’t got your back.”

“We had a plan, Stan!”

“You came up with a terrible plan because you’re a terrible person. I, on the other hand, actually like hanging out with Mike and if you would just get over your jealousy for two seconds, I’m sure you would like him too.”

“Am I going to lose all my friends to this sweater-wearing goodie two-shoes?”

“Are y-you guys talking a-a-about Mike?” Bill, Bev, Ben, and Mike Hanlon were already sitting down at their table when Richie and Stan approached, Eddie was apparently running late.

“Mike’s right here, Big Bill.” Richie said as he sat down in between Stan and Mike, throwing an arm over Mike’s shoulder.

“Not that Mike, Trashmouth. Eddie’s Mike,” Bev said.

“Don’t call him that! He’s not Eddie’s Mike. He’s just some guy that Eddie’s hanging out with because he feels bad for the new kid. Anyway, our group already has Hanlon, We don’t have room for another kid named Mike.”

The rest of the table went quiet, eyes focused somewhere behind Richie.

“What are you all-”

“Hi there, Rich.” Eddie spoke up from behind Richie. Mike Wheeler was standing next to him.

Richie turned around, eyes wide, “Eds-”

“Mike and I were about to join you guys for lunch, but apparently there isn’t any room for us.”

Richie should have felt guilty. He should have apologized or at least just stayed quiet, but they don’t call him Trashmouth Tozier for nothing, and Richie was too angry to keep his mouth shut.

Richie stood up, towering a good six inches above Eddie, looking down. “You must have not heard me correctly, Eds, I said there was no room for him.”

Eddie stood his ground and glared up at the taller boy, “If there’s no room for Mike, there’s no room for me. We’re going to go sit outside, come on, Mike.”

Eddie and Mike Wheeler walked out of the cafeteria. Eddie was fuming and Mike just looked confused and uncomfortable.

“Nice going, Richie!” Bev said, exasperated, “You need to stop playing games with Eddie, and just admit how jealous you are of his new friend! And what about poor Mike?”

“Yeah, Rich,” Ben started, “Being the new kid is really hard.”

“Getting all of Eddie’s attention didn’t seem very hard for him,” Richie scoffed, “and forgetting about me didn’t seem very hard for Eddie.”

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“I told you he hates my guts.” Mike said to Eddie as the two of them were eating their lunches at one of the tables outside of the cafeteria.

“Yeah, maybe he does hate your guts,” Eddie shook his head, “He can make such an ass of himself sometimes.”

"I'll try not to take it too personally. Besides, you're head-over-heels for him, so he can't be that bad."

Eddie choked on his lunch. "What did you just say?"

"That you're head over heels in love with Richie Tozier? What? Is this news to you?" Mike saw that he struck a nerve and started laughing at how flustered it made Eddie. It was kind of cute. Maybe Mike thought Eddie was cute because he reminded him of Will so much. That's also probably why Eddie and Will got along so well when they all hung out last weekend.

"I'm not in love with Richie."

"You referred to him as your Richie last weekend."

"So?"

"I'm not allowed to call you Eds, because that's what Richie calls you."

"Richie only calls me Eds because he likes to tease me."

"Richie likes to tease you because he's in love with you."

"What?! Richie teases everyone!"

"Richie hates my guts because he's jealous."

"That's not... you think he's really jealous?"

3. Chapter 3

Eddie didn't talk to Richie for the rest of the week. The angrier Richie became, the less Eddie wanted to hang out with Richie, and the less Eddie hung out with Richie, the more Eddie hung out with Mike, and the more Eddie hung out with Mike, the angrier Richie became.

Eddie was hiding out from the rest of his friends in the school library. Mike was supposed to meet up with him after his A/V club meeting. Richie and everyone else were supposed to go over to Bill's after school. Bill invited Eddie, but since Richie was going to be there, Eddie made up some excuse not to go that no one believed.

"Eddie, hey!"

"Oh hey, Mike! How was A/V club?"

"It was super cool actually! I told them about my friends in the A/V club over at Hawkins and they said I could invite them to a party they're throwing tonight!"

"An A/V club party? Mike, are you aware of the fact that you're a huge fucking nerd?"

"Well, I was going to ask if you wanted to come too, but it sounds like you'd rather not."

"Are Dustin and Will and Lucas and El all going to be there?"

"Well Dustin and Lucas said they're coming for sure, but El's out of town with her dad and I think Will and his older brother are going to a concert or something."

"I guess I'll go if Dustin and Lucas are going."

"I promise it'll just be us and a bunch of nerds and it's not going to be crazy or anything, and we can totally ditch if it's too much for you."

"No, it sounds fun. I bet I'll have a good time. Plus, I'll be the coolest guy at the party."

“Alright, cool guy. Do you wanna get going? Or do you want to hang around the library all day like some kind of geek?”

“Very funny, dork.”

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Nerds, as it turned out, knew how to throw a good party. Mike, Dustin, Lucas, and Eddie all showed up together. Mike knew the kid who was hosting the party and introduced everyone. There were maybe thirty kids there all together, zero parents, and a lot of booze.

Dustin got himself into a heated debate with the president of Derry’s A/V club about some sort of sciency thing that Eddie didn’t know the slightest thing about. Lucas was talking to some cute redhead that reminded Eddie a lot of Beverly. Mike was... nowhere to be seen.

At this point in his high school career, Eddie hadn’t been to many parties. He would drink with his friends in Richie’s basement once in awhile, but he’s never been quite as drunk as he was right then. He was feeling dizzy and nervous and he wished his Derry friends were here and he started to look for Mike, but only found a very comfortable looking sofa.

“Hey, Eddie!... Eddie? Edward?... Eds?”

Eddie’s spaced out, drunken thoughts were interrupted by a familiar voice. He looked up and all he could make out was a very pretty, very tall, dark haired boy calling him by that stupid nickname. “Richie?”

Mike sighed. He wasn’t drinking that night because he was supposed to drive everyone home. “Eddie you drank too much. How do you feel? You could have told me you weren’t having a good time, I told you we could ditch.”

“Richie, where’d your glasses go? Can you even see me?”

Mike sat down next to Eddie, putting his hands on his shoulders to steady the smaller boy. “Eddie, Richie’s not- Eddie, I think I should bring you home.”

“No, Rich, you know my mom. If, fuck, if she saw me come home drunk she’d take me to the hospital and have my stomach pumped.”

“What do you wanna do Eddie?”

“Can I go back to your place, Rich? I miss your place... I miss you.” Eddie leaned into Mike and put his arms around his waist. “I miss you a lot Richie and I’m sorry that you’re mad at me and, and, and I-”

“Wait till we tell Will about this!” Dustin walked over to the two boys who, to everyone looking on, clearly seemed to be cuddling.

“It’s not what it looks like and you know it.”

“Is Eddie alright?”

“He is very drunk and I think we should probably call Richie.”

“The one with the glasses who hates your guts?”

“Uh, yeah. He’s the one. Will you try to find some water bottles and maybe a snack for Eddie? I’m gonna bring him out to my car and see if I can get a hold of Trashmouth.”

4. Chapter 4

“H-hello?... who’s th-this?...You’re looking for R-Richie?... Is he o-o-okay?...Yeah, bring him o-over here we’re all hanging out..Yeah, n-no, we’ll t-t-take care of him...Thanks.”

“Who was that, Big Bill?” Stan asked from Bill’s living room.

“M-Mike Wheeler. He said Eddie’s d-d-drunk and is asking for R-Richie.”

“How drunk? Is he okay? Where is Richie, anyway?” Stan was concerned.

“Richie’s on the front porch having a smoke.” Bev walked in the front door, she was just smoking with Richie and sharing a bottle of Jack, “Who’s not okay?”

“E-E-Eddie’s okay. He got t-too drunk at a p-p-party with Mike and thinks Mike is R-R-Richie or something.”

“Bill told him that he can bring Eddie over here and we’ll take care of him.” Stan continued.

“Aw poor Eddie. We’ll take good care of our little boy when he gets here.”

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Mike saw Richie sitting on Bill’s front porch when he pulled up in front of the house. He let go a sigh of relief. Eddie will be happy to see Richie and maybe the two of them can finally make up.

Richie was putting out his cigarette when he noticed the car pull up, he had been outside when Bill answered the phone, so he didn’t know Eddie would be coming over.

“Richie?... Are we here?” Eddie mumbled from Mike’s passenger seat.

“We’re at Bill’s house, I asked your friends to take care of you. I have to go back to the party and get Lucas and Dustin home.”

“Rich, you can’t leave me.” Eddie sprung up and put his arms around Mike. “I just want to go home with you and cuddle in your bed like we used to.”

“Listen Eddie-”

“No, Richie! You listen! You’ve, you’ve been mad at me all week and, and, and I don’t like it when you’re mad at me because I like it when you’re nice to me because you’re the nicest person to be nice to and you’re so damn pretty and god I love your stupid hair and your big dumb nose-”

Eddie leaned up and before Mike could do or say anything, his and Eddie’s lips were pressed together.

Mike froze. Eyes wide. He didn’t have time to push Eddie away before he heard the car door open behind him and he was pulled out of the driver’s seat by the back of his sweater.

“Hey, asshole!” Richie grabbed Mike by the collar and pushed him up against the car. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!”

“Richie, stop, fuck, it’s not-” Mike’s words were interrupted by Richie’s fist colliding with his face.

“Richie!” Eddie yelled from inside the car.

“You came to my school, stole my Eds, dragged him here just to make out with him in front of me... and now I’m gonna have to fucking kill you.”

“Back off!” Mike shoved Richie before he could lay another hand on him. “That was not what it fucking looked like! I didn’t steal your Eds! I have a fucking boyfriend! And Eddie hasn’t been able to fucking shut up about you since he got in my fucking car!” Mike wiped the blood dripping from his nose away with his sleeve.

“Then what the FUCK was that?”

By this point everyone in Bill’s house had scrambled outside to see what all the noise was about.

“Richie stop! What the fuck?” Bev ran over and grabbed Richie’s arm.
“Did you just fucking punch Mike?”

“M-M-Mike, are you alright?” Bill ran and examined Mike’s face.

“Yeah. I’m fine. Richie and Eddie have some shit to work out. Richie can apologize to me after he apologizes to Eddie.” Mike shot Richie a glare.

“Me apologize to you?!” Richie was about to charge back at Mike, but Bev held him back. “Alright, you know what? Bill? Bev? You guys can take care of Eddie. I’m going home if you’re all going to take this asshole’s side anyway.” Richie shoved Bev’s grip off of his arm and stormed off in the direction of his own house.

“I better go after him.” Beverly looked from Richie in the distance, to Bill, to Mike and his bloody nose, and to Eddie who was sobbing in Mike’s passenger seat. “Thanks for bringing Eddie home, Mike, you’re a really good friend. I don’t know why Richie punched you, but he should just be happy that Eddie’s safe with us.”

“Y-yeah M-mike, Thanks. I c-can bring Eddie to my room, Bev, if you want to go t-talk t-to Richie.”

Beverly nodded.

“It was no problem guys. I hope Eddie and Richie kiss and make up soon. I want to be Eddie’s friend but I don’t think I can keep being Tozier’s punching bag.”

“Richie will cool down and realize how much of an idiot he’s being. I promise he’s usually not this awful.” Bev said to Mike apologetically.

“That’s what I’ve been hearing.” Mike brought his hand up to his nose and checked to see if he was still bleeding. “But, uh, so far he’s making it pretty hard to believe.”

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Notes for the Chapter:

Please let me know if you like it!! Feedback keeps me

going!!

5. Chapter 5

Notes for the Chapter:

Here's a short chapter with some fluffy Byeler~

It was a little after midnight when Mike dropped Lucas and Dustin off. He figured that Will and Jonathan would be home from their concert by now, and he really didn't feel like going home and explaining to Nancy why there was dried blood on his face. So, he decided to go see what Will was up to.

When he arrived, Mike snuck around to Will's bedroom window. He could see that the light was on and could hear soft music playing. He gave the window three distinct knocks -- the two boys had developed a secret code for if Mike ever arrived unannounced. This way, Will would know it was him and not get spooked or think it was an uninvited guest.

When Will opened the window he had a bright smile on his face, he must have been in a good mood from spending some quality time with his brother, "Hey Mikey--!" his cheery expression quickly dropped when he got a good look at Mike's face, "Are you okay? Did something happen at that party?!"

Mike crawled in through the window, all the while Will was fawning over him, concerned for his wellbeing. "I'm fine, Will, really. Anyway it was just Richie."

"Who's Richie?" Will asked as he grabbed Mike a wet cloth and an ice pack.

"Eddie's friend." Mike sat down on Will's bed.

"The one who hates your guts?" He handed Mike the ice pack and started dabbing his face with the cloth.

"No, actually, contrary to popular belief, everybody's been telling me that Richie Tozier does not hate my guts."

"But he tried to break your nose?"

“He only tried to break my nose after Eddie kissed me in my car” Mike said casually as he tilted his head back and held the ice pack to his face. Will froze. His affections halted.

“You kissed Eddie?” Will got up from his bed and stood in front of Mike, looking down at him with his arms crossed. “You were alone with Eddie in your car when you were supposed to be at a party with Eddie, Dustin and Lucas?”

“Babe,” Mike took Will’s hands in his own and looked up at his boyfriend, “Babe. Look at me.” Mike had a pleading look in his face, “You know I have perfectly reasonable explanation for all of this.”

Will was only able to keep the stubborn, disappointed expression for a short moment until Mike’s amused and comforting smile melted away any concerns he had about Eddie. He sat back down next to Mike on the bed, still holding the other boys hands, and gave his boyfriend a very soft(for the sake of his injured nose) and very sweet kiss on the cheek. “This better be a good fucking story.”

Mike laughed and Will laughed with him, “Oh believe me, this is one for the books.”

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When Mike was done telling his story and when Will was done patching him up, Will asked Mike if he would stay the night. Mike’s parents wouldn’t be concerned either way and Jonathan would let Nancy know that her brother is safe at the Byers’ residence. Will decided that he would accept whatever lecture his mother would give him in the morning about having a guest over unannounced, but he knew it wouldn’t last long because she loved Mike like a third son anyway.

Mike changed into some of Will’s hand-me-downs from Jonathan that the smaller boy didn’t quite fit into yet. He sat up in Will’s bed while Will brought him some extra blankets and insisted on making the two of them cocoa so they could cuddle up while Mike told Will all his stories from attending Derry High, and Will could fill Mike in on everything happening in Hawkins without him.

The two boys drifted off to sleep together, giggling lazily, limbs tangled. it was all so lovely and calm and comfortable and perfect. It was just what Mike needed after having such a hectic night.

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Things weren't going as smoothly for a certain pair of very drunk, and very confused teenage boys in the next town over.